

A Taste of Your Own Medicine

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A Taste of Your Own Medicine

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Summary

Despite being threatened by Will in his kitchen two nights ago, Hannibal Lecter decides to resume the therapy of Will when he visits him one evening. But his former patient is unpredictable and so Hannibal finds himself at the mercy of the new Will Graham.

Notes

Inspired by the song Medicine by Bring Me The Horizon.

Initially I wanted to take a break from writing due to lack of energy, but this current crisis made feel like it's my duty to provide you at least with oneshots or shorter stories as my current WIPs are overwhelming me.

Stay safe, everyone! Flatten the curve and stay at home! And always wash your hands ;) Or Will is going to spank you, too!

Someone knocked at the door. At first Hannibal didn't bother to react at all and focussed his attention on his patient notes. The knocking grew louder and more obnoxious. He sighed and rose from the chair. Instinctively guessing who his late visitor was, Hannibal walked to the entrance of his office with slow steps, being hesitant to receive him. Opening the door, his facial expression changed and a bit of elation at the sight of the guest waiting in front of his office shimmered through the small crack of his composed mask he wore all the time. Just a bit. A normal person wouldn't have been able to detect the micro expression on his face.

Will Graham was here once more, right after the theatrical visit in his kitchen three nights before when he pointed a gun at him. To be honest, he should not have been that astonished as he had kept his standing appointments open and never communicated to Will he would no longer be his therapist.

Will presented his bottom first, then made a slow yet theatrical turn in an attempt of seduction. A tinge of red crept on Hannibal's cheeks. He had succeeded. "Good evening, Doctor", Will purred, his baritone voice smooth and charming. "I'd like to resume my therapy. May I come in?"

Hannibal held his breath as he scrutinised Will's new appearance from top to bottom. His hair was no longer scruffy and untamed - no. Will's unruly hair had been tamed by a skilled hairdresser. Short hair suited him a lot more in his opinion than the unpleasant long mane he had been forced to grow out in prison. His beard had been trimmed, too. Hannibal preferred his stubble as well. It accentuated his lovey jaw even more.

Hannibal's nostrils flared as he took in the smell of the cheap aftershave. He wrinkled his nose in disgust. The cologne was still the same - a cheap brand, something with a ship on a bottle - Old Spice, if he was not mistaken. Will had not been bothered to buy a new one yet and probably never would just to spite his psychiatrist. Hannibal's eyes wandered further down Will's body. The salmon shirt, he knew that one from previous pre-prison sessions. The tight black slacks seemed to be a new purchase. They accentuated his thighs very well. His look was finished with polished black elegant shoes that seemed to be a new acquisition as well.

Should he let in trouble once more in his office or sent him back home? Hannibal was wary. This new Will Graham standing in front of him was unpredictable. Would he attempt to kill him again? Hannibal sighed inwardly. He could not deny himself after all. Will's becoming was fascinating even if it meant he would make another mistake.

"Do you intend to point a gun at me again? Hannibal asked finally, still blocking the door with his body in caution. Wariness would be wise for he was unable to predict the new Will Graham at all.

Will's smile that followed was a quite polite and charming one. Yet there could be the hint of the devil lurking in the corners. Hannibal's knees were wobbly for the tiniest bit of a second and nearly failed him.

"Not tonight."

At last, Hannibal relented and stepped aside to allow Will into the room. Will didn't walk to the black leather chairs where they usually engaged in verbal sparring, but strolled a little further, making way to this office desk. Hannibal followed him as Will decided to make a mess of his desk and shoved everything aside. Noticing Hannibal's presence behind him, Will whirled around.

"I have to deal with you and my feelings for you", Will pondered loudly. With a swift movement of his hand, he grabbed Hannibal by the collar of his jacket, then choked him a little with his hands.

Unable to react in time, Hannibal gasped for air, holding eye contact with Will all the time. One part of him was also curious. Another part of him would have let Will shoot him in his kitchen as well. But there was also a savage beast in him, yearning for a good fight.

These angry, piercing blue eyes would be the death of him. When Will didn't relent and tightened his grip, Hannibal raised his fist to punch Will. The latter however was quicker. He turned him around in the spur of a moment and bent Hannibal over the desk. When Hannibal struggled and kicked, he used the strength of his muscles to pin him down, then grabbed the doctor's arms and put it behind his back.

Ah, what an interesting development indeed, Hannibal mused, while lying sprawled across his office desk and resigned to this situation.

"I think it's best if we addressed our issues in a way that is worthy of your unconventional form of therapy."

Hearing these seductive yet vengeful words coming out of Will's mouth, Hannibal's cock hardened in his pants. It pressed uncomfortably against the wooden table below him but he didn't complain. He hardly did. Thanks to his lessons by his Aunt Murasaki he barely showed pain. Only when he liked to be raw. Will might be the exception.

"Well, I would say this is an improvement to our kitchen conversation, wouldn't you say, Will? You do not longer want to kill me. But forgive me, if I say you don't seem to know what you want. You hate me but also desire...physical intimacy with your foe. Alas, two hearts beat in your chest. One is currently fighting to forsake the other."

Will listened to his waffling but decided to not give an answer to the elaborated comment which unfortunately was pretty accurate. He tightened his grip on the restrained arms for a moment and Hannibal groaned in pain as his shoulder ached. Then Will let him go but stayed right behind him.

"Be quiet or I will shut your pretty mouth. Take off your goddamn slacks, Doctor", Will ordered him in a harsh and menacing tone. His voice trembled slightly in his rage.

Hannibal scoffed at the denial.

"See..I was right, Will", Hannibal smirked. "As to your command, I think you have to use other measures to get what you want. You have to actually exert your dominance. Show me if you truly mean it."

"Yes, I can see that I have to be stricter with you." Will responded through gritted teeth. He removed his own slim black leather belt, rolled it partly up in his hand to have more control, then slapped his butt a few times with controlled force. The leather strap of the belt landed on the clothed ass with some loud smacks. Hannibal groaned and his body twitched on the table. His notebook landed on the floor, his papers scattered across the floor.

Will smiled behind him when the pained moan left his psychiatrist's mouth. Noticing Hannibal's hesitation, Will yielded his belt again - harder this time, making the good doctor tremble and jerk once more. Reluctantly, Hannibal fumbled with one hand at the zipper of his slack and pulled it down until only his tight expensive golden Versace briefs remained.

"Your fancy panties, too. Or I will kill you after all. It is a promise still in waiting."

Begrudgingly obeying, Hannibal pulled his underwear down to his knees, exposing his bottom to Will. It already showed marks of the leather belt.

"That's a good boy", Will sneered behind him in a mocking tone and pinched his buttocks.

Smack. The belt whipped on his backside, leaving a bright red mark on his behind. Hannibal bit on his lips this time to hold still. His cock twitched and pressed against the desk below. Hannibal tensed his muscles and gritted his teeth to get ready for another spanking.

Smack.

"This is for framing me", Will hissed. "For making me believe I killed Abigail. For nearly driving me insane and ruining my life."

Smack. Smack. The spanking went on. Every blow was harder than the last one.

"And this is for killing Beverly."

The last whipping was so violent, it nearly caused Hannibal to roll off the table. Reacting just in time, Will hauled him up with rough hands again by grabbing his collar.

"It is quite a tame reckoning in comparison to your last visit. I had expected more of you", Hannibal remarked in a hoarse voice, his smirk still gracing his lips. Will flipped the psychiatrist around who smirked up cheekily at Will.

Will's blue eyes glinted dangerously. His hands slid over to grip his throat, making Hannibal choke and gasp for air a second time. "Who said this would be the end of the punishment? There are lot more sessions to come. And we haven't reached the end of the hour yet, have we, Doctor?"

Releasing Hannibal when his lips turned blue and his face grew paler, Will withdrew his hand, led it to the zipper of his slacks, pulled down his slacks and boxers and fetched out his already hard cock.

"The next part is going to hurt a lot, Doctor", Will hissed. "But it seems you have been looking forward already to this kind of pain."

"I wasn't. But I don't mind it. Yet I never thought that sexual punishment would be your brand", Hannibal replied quietly.

"Well, you were wrong. I tried a few things in the past. Consensual of course or I wouldn't have been in the FBI."

Will spit on his cock once or twice and lubed it up, sliding his hands up and down a few times.

Having been allowed to rest for a while, Hannibal found himself again being pressed onto the mahogany desk, his legs being spread.

Will spat on his fingers and opened up Hannibal with a few rough thrusts of his digits against his prostate. Hannibal clutched the edge of the table. His knuckles turned white from the pressure exerted on it.

"I must say...I could never entirely predicted you", Hannibal hissed. "Sexual assault is what I hadn't see it coming.

"You changed me without knowing what kind of creature would emerge. Do you like the uncontrollable monster you have unleashed in me, Doctor?"

Will pulled his fingers out and pushed his cock into Hannibal's hole. He was rough and not gentle at all. Hannibal gave his best not to beg or whimper but the intrusion burned and challenged his composure. He was human after all.

"I do like it ", Hannibal admitted and grunted as Will pounded into him with violent movements. "I am merely curious about how you are going to yield it when it comes to other people."

"I am not a rapist if that is what you mean. This is not that kind of violence I'd usually choose to apply on others. But you are a totally different case. See it as an act of reciprocity for your actions", Will grunted. "You shoved down a tube down my throat with Abigail's ear when you hypnotized me. "You need-", another hard thrust made Hannibal groan and flinch, "a taste of your own medicine."

He thrust in harder and harder, the pace growing more brutal and merciless, making Hannibal grimace, scrunch his nose and bury his nails into the polished wood, leaving scratches on the expensive wood. Will fucked him without any regard of the pain Hannibal felt, pushing himself to orgasm. He disregarded Hannibal's need to come.

Will hit his prostate again and again, grabbing Hannibal's hips while doing so, ignoring his grunts and Moans. Will felt triumphant in this very moment. He hated his psychiatrist but also loved what he was doing to him. Finally, the climax announced itself. Will pulled out and came on Hannibal's ass, squirting out his semen on his ass cheeks and lower back.

Exhausted from the angry and intense fucking, Will stood still and panted, then proceeded to collect his belt and retreated to Hannibal's glass table to fetch a tissue. Walking back he collected his jacket from the floor. Hannibal needed a moment to collect as well and pull

himself together. Will didn't hand him a tissue, so he walked over with his slacks and boxers still pulled down.

While enjoying the sight of Hannibal walking over to the table in such a humiliating way, Will put his belt through the loops of his slacks fastened the belt buckle again and gazed at the wrecked serial killer with a malicious and self-satisfied smile on his face.

"You can look forward to more punishment until our scores are settled."

With these words he strolled towards the heavy office door, grabbed the handle and looked over his shoulder one last time with raised eyebrows.

"Until our next session, Doctor", Will called to Hannibal. "I would advise you to prepare yourself for me in advance if it hurts too much. Goodnight."

When he left, Hannibal stayed for a while to reflect and get clean. While drinking wine, he wondered what the next session might bring but he comforted himself with the thought that it was now his next move in that dark, passionate game of theirs. Will could and certainly did not expect him to be so pliant and submissive all the time.

Today and the day before he had been reckless. He had allowed Will to overstep his bounds. And liked it. Hannibal poured himself another glass of his favourite Chianti and took a long sip. A grin slipped on his face at the thought of his equipment in his basement which could be used for BDSM sessions. He wouldn't budge so easily next week. That was for sure.

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